

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Net Nighties
With Ruffles
Are Decreed

But Conservatives May Prefer Pink Mull With High Neck and Long Sleeves.

Nettle has a nightie. That is nothing more than net. It's a little, pretty nightie. And a wee bit naughty—yet quite the nicest thing in nighties is sweet Nettle in the net.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Butterflies of fashion ought to feel at home in the net. Perhaps that is why they are adapting it to garments for strictly home wear. Certainly the new net nighties are homey without being homely.

Time was when the nightie was a garment to be mentioned with bated breath, only in the privacy of the boudoir, as 'twere. Now they are openly discussed in the very best families. They have to be openly discussed, because they are all open work. You can't make veiled allusions to 'em even though they are made of veils and illusion themselves. The net result is that these new net nighties are being very much talked about. In fact, everybody is talking about them.

Just at first you might imagine these net nightgowns would be an awful bother to mosquitoes, but the altruistic designers have had insect interests at heart. They have created one model of net robe de nuit that is slit from the ankle-length hem to the waist, where it is caught together with a soft bow of pink ribbon that is run through a shirring around the waist. A second pink bow ties the slit skirt together at the knee.

Boon To Mosquitoes.
The waist of the gown is made of two wide panels that taper to mere straps over the shoulders, forming a low V-shaped neck and no sleeves or under-arm covering. This nightgown will undoubtedly prove a boon, indeed, to the festive mosquito.

I forgot to mention that this garment is also further heavily burdened with a row of pink feather stitching around the ankle-length hem up the sides of the slit skirt and outlining the strap-like bodice.

Another net model has a wide ruffle of pleated net around the round baby neck, wide pleated ruffles around the short elbow sleeves, and a deep full pleated ruffle around the bottom of the skirt from the knee to the ankle. All the ruffles are headed with inch-wide yellow satin ribbon run through a double fold of the net and the yellow satin ribbon run through a shirring around the high empire waist line.

Here's one garment that the fat woman can wear with impunity. She doesn't have to be thin to wear a net nightie because it's thin enough itself. She will also find it deliciously cool—almost cool to the point of audacity.

For more conservative sleepers heads a nightgown of pink silk mull is offered out on exactly the same lines as the nightgown of the old-fashioned male. It has the same high neck with a neat little turn over collar, long straight sleeves and buttons over the chest with the same neat little set-on flap. Frill stitching in white outlines the collars, cuffs, hem and the fastening flap, and a bit of white smocking on each side of the front gives the necessary fullness.

Changing the Ring.
And now then you can ring the changes by changing the ring. By that I don't mean a complete change of ring is necessary. You can do the trick by taking a few jeweled scrolls off a dinner ring and leaving it a less ornate circle, bedight only with its central setting. Or if you are wearing a green frock today and your rings be all set with rubies and a new deftly slip out the ruby settings and stick in an emerald or two just like that.

This change of ring may smack somewhat of a presto change, but really is as easy as one, two, three, provided, of course, your rings are built on the 18½ model with all the new improved modern plumbing and adjustment and provided also as a mere detail that you possess a varied assortment of different colored gems to act as understudies for the original settings.

Editorial For
Women

Is the sudden change away from the military tendency in foreign fashions any indication that the war will be over by the time those fashions are adopted in America? This is one of the questions that have been raised by the announcement that shoulder-straps, brass buttons and other trimmings that savor of a soldier's regalia are to be absolutely tabooed in the coming season by the more influential French designers. This news has been brought by Mlle. Yvonne Barthelemy, who has come to this country as the recognized emissary of the foremost French couturier.

May it not be more possible that the censoring of military styles is a criterion of the newer, saner attitude that is characterizing the French nation today? With the passing of the hysteria that "made the Paris of last autumn indeed a city of dreadful night" we hear that a stolid calm has settled over the entire country. The fact that all France is fighting in the spirit for existence seems to be reflected in the attitude of every artisan of France, whether it be a milliner, a creator of fashions or a woman worker in a shell factory.

After all, the shoulder straps, and the brass buttons are merely trimmings. They do not materially affect the lines of the garment, though at first sight they may be the most noticeable part of it. France has realized the importance of doing away with any such surface fripperies that may lead to a misunderstanding of her true purpose. The real spirit of France today is as little represented by gay sword-knots and a few yards of gold braid as by the saucy visored caps, absurd "cosack" boots and feminized military capes exploited by a few designers before the gravity of war became a reality and not a mirage.

Surplice Summer Coat of Lace
Especially Adapted for August

Garment Introduced at Newport Casino During Tennis Tournament Made of Sheer and Dotted Material and Worn Over Black Satin.



—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: One of the nicest boys I ever met is very angry at me. I wanted to tell him something important and I couldn't get him over the phone. So I kept on ringing and now he is angry. I received a note from him. He said that his manager complained about his being called so many times on the telephone, and said that he didn't wish to speak to me again. It was awful to me, so I asked the manager of his office, and he said that he would make it all right.

Why, you poor, little, foolish, foolish girl, you. What a miserable mess you have made for yourself to be sure.

But you have escaped lightly. Don't forget that—very lightly, indeed.

What if the young fellow had answered you politely at the phone and had then made fun of you to the others, and told his chum that he never saw a girl such a fool over a boy as you were over him. How would you have felt then?

What in the world did you call him up at his office for? Don't you know that a fellow of his age is paid for his time, and that every instant he takes of that time to devote to you or any other girl is stolen and must be charged up against him in the black books of the man who pays his salary?

And now what shall you do? I'll

tell you what I'd do. I'd take my courage in my hand and the next time I met that young man I should walk straight up to him and say: "Thank you for giving me a lesson that I needed to learn."

Tell him quite frankly that you never realized what you were doing, and that now that you do realize it you are glad he told you.

Tell him you were brought up outside the world of business and did not understand the rules of life there.

Don't cry; don't make a scene; don't even stammer or hesitate or seem embarrassed. Just speak frankly and simply and honestly as you would to another girl, and then let that young man severely alone. You'll have won his respect at least.

And whisper, little girl, when there's calling up to be done let it be the man who does it.

Dear Annie Laurie—I have been keeping company with a young man for the last two years, but he has never approached the subject of marriage.

Do you think I should waste my time going around with him when there are three or four other boys always wanting me to go out with them?

No, Betty, I wouldn't spend much more time with the young man. If he wants you to marry him, he'll say so, especially if you begin going out with other men.

Don't let this one monopolize your time and attention any longer. If he means business let him talk business.

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of genuine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her care, this office.

Disturbing Father.

Congressman John W. Abernethy, of Alabama, smiled the other evening when the conversation at a social session turned to the subject of music. He said he was reminded of an incident along that line.

Some time since the lord and master of a happy little home was sitting in his den when he heard a fearful racket emanating from the direction of the piano.

"Jesse," he called, going to the head of the stairs and dropping his voice over the banisters, "what in the world are you doing down there?"

"I am practicing, papa," answered the sweet young child. "It is the 'First Foot-steps in Music.'"

"All right," was the weary rejoinder of father as he returned to the den, "but for mercy's sake, don't step so heavily."

—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Slander.

A parrot is for prating prize. But prattling women are despised. She who attacks another's honor draws every living thing upon her. Think, madam, when you stretch your tongue.

That all your neighbors, too, have tongues.

One slander, fifty will beget. The world with interest pays the debt.

—Poor Richard's Almanac for 1743.

So many delicate fabrics have been employed in the wraps of this summer that leaders of fashion, were scarcely surprised when Mrs. Richard Stevens, of New York, introduced a surplice coat of lace at the Newport Casino during the tennis-tournament now in progress.

The coat was white and worn over an afternoon frock of black satin. The waist line was at the hips, ac-

cented by cross tucks and a few slight gathers. The lace that constituted the chief portion of the coat was sheer and dotted. At the lower edge a border of broad lace embroidered in conventional rose design formed an effective finish. Turned-back cuffs and a flat Dutch collar of the same rose-strown fabric were other noticeable features.

With her costume Mrs. Stevens wore a closely-fitting black velvet turban tilted slightly to the left and trimmed with a huge fan of spreading feathers at the back.

The cloak was a pronounced success, and it has been declared that it is only a question of time before the fashion will be widely adopted. Such a wrap is particularly adapted to the warm weather of August, and supplies the necessary finish to a costume without burdening the wearer by extra warmth.

If a more practical cloak were desired, the idea inaugurated by Mrs. Stevens could be duplicated in lace dyed to match any costume. At this time of year it is often possible to pick up fine laces at remnant cost while the shops are having their clearance sales, and a dainty coat may be concocted at small cost.

Treatment of Troubles
Of Skin Must Include
Search for the Cause

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

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SHAKESPEARE, in "Romeo and Juliet," has Mercutio say: "Oh, flesh, flesh, how art thou fish-flesh, and leath, in a melancholy mood, wrote large the fact that 'flesh is grass.' Also, though a man who has more flesh than another may not, as Falstaff smugly claimed, have more frailty, it must nevertheless be admitted that we shall all be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones."

When the skin is treated according to the golden rule, that is to say, when you handle it with the discretion and care that you wish generally to be done by, it will more than do its due meed of service.

When irritated, though, the skin, like all living creatures, is resentful. It thrusts at its enemies, grows rapidly to augment its resources, and becomes literally a hardened fighter.

The skin will take a lot of punish-

ment. In the end it strikes out hard with a right good will. The epidermis begins to work overtime. It girds on an armor of steel-like strength.

X-ray irritations strong soda soaps, alkaline wash waters, baking and kitchen waters, all cause, at times, itching, troublesome skin eruptions in susceptible persons.

Many affections of the skin, loosely grouped under that free-for-all name "eczema," are encountered by those who work in laundries, candy stores, sugar refineries, barber shops, hotel kitchens, and dining establishments.

The name "dermatitis" is roughly used to include these maladies. So irritating do they itch that the blisters, scales, and thickened areas are often torn and split widely open by scratching.

The warfare against some "eczemas" then is not restricted merely to internal treatment and proper salves and ointments, but a search of the occupation and habits of the sufferer.



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That's what everybody says about Corby Cake. Fresh whenever you get it from your grocer. Always 100% Corby Purity.

10 cents--for the generous half pound portions.

Caramel (that's the new one), Chocolate, Lady's Cake, Raisin, Plain Pound, Citron.

Odd Facts

Hafiz, besides being the name of a famous Persian poet, is a title conferred upon any Mohammedan who has committed the whole of the Koran to memory.

A horse will live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water; seventeen days without either eating or drinking, and only five days without eating solid food without drinking.

St. Peter's Cathedral, in Rome, took so long to build that forty-three Popes reigned during the course of its construction.

About 4,000,000 steel pens are consumed daily in the world.

Two thousand people were guillotined in France during the reign of terror.

Hens, as a rule, should be killed at the age of two and a half years, when the first sign of the moult appears. Their best laying days are then over, and, if allowed to live, they will deteriorate for table purposes.

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